

The second part of

Dorothy Can a weake empty vessell beare such a huge full hog's head? theres a whole marchants venture of Burdeaux stuffe in him, you haue not seene a hulke better stufte in the hold. Come, Ile be friends with thee iacke, thou art going to the wars, and whether I shall euer see thee againe or no there is no body cares.

Enter drawer.

Dra. Sir, Antient pistoll's belowe, and would speake with you.

Dol Hang him swaggering rascal, let him not come hither it is the foule-mouth'd st rogue in England.

host. If he swagger, let him not come here, no by my faith I must liue among my neighbours, Ile no swaggerers, I am in good name, and fame with the very best: shut the doore, there comes no swaggerers here, I haue not liu'd al this while to haue swaggering now, shut the doore I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou heare hostesse?

Host. Pray ye pacifie your selfe sir Iohn, there comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou heare? it is mine Ancient.

Ho. Tilly fally, sir Iohn, nere tel me: & your ancient swaggrer comes not in my doores: I was before maister Tisicke the debuty tother day, & (as he said to me) twas no longer ago than wed'sday last, I good faith neighbor Quickly, sayes he, maister Dumble our minister was by then, neighbor Quickly (saies he) receiue those that are ciuil, for (saide he) you are in an ill name: now a saide so, I can tell whereupon. For (saies he) you are an honest woman, and well thought on, therefore take heede what ghests you receiue, receiue (saies he) no swaggring companions: there comes none here: you would blesse you to heare what he said: no, Ile no swaggrers.

Falst. Hees no swaggrer hostesse, a tame cheter yfaith, you may stroke him as gently as a puppy grey-hound, heele not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turne backe in any shew of resistance, call him vp Drawer.

Host. Cheter call you him? I will barre no honest man my house,

Henry the fourth.

house, nor no cheter, but I do not loue swaggring by my troth, I am the worse when one saies swaggrer: feele maisters, how I shake, looke you, I warrant you.

Terefb. So you do hostesse.

Host. Doe I? yea in very truth doe I, and twere an aspen leafe, I cannot abide swaggrers.

Enter antient Pistoll, and Bardolfes boy.

Pistoll God saue you sir Iohn.

Fal. Welcome ancient Pistoll, heere Pistoll, I charge you with a cuppe of sacke, do you discharge vpon mine hostesse.

Pist. I will discharge vpon her sir Iohn, with two bullets.

Fal. she is pistoll proöfe: sir, you shall not hardely offend her.

Host. Come, Ile drink no proöfes, nor no bullets, Ile drink no more than will do me good, for no mans pleasure, I.

Pist. Then, to you mistris Dorothy, I will charge you.

Doro. Charge me? I scorne you, scuruy companion: what you poore base rascally cheting lacke-linnen mate? away you mouldie rogne, away, I am meate for your maister.

Pist. I know you mistris Dorothy.

Doro. Away you cutpurse rascall, you filthy boung, away, by this wine Ile thrust my knife in your mouldie chappes, and you play the sawcie cuttle with me. Away you bottle ale rascall, you basket hilt stale iuggler, you. Since when, I pray you sir: Gods light, with two points on your shoulder? much.

Pist. God let me not liue, but I will murder your ruffe for this.

for Iohn No more Pistoll, I would not haue you go off here, discharge your selfe of our company, Pistoll.

Host. No, good captain Pistoll, not here, sweete captain.

Doro. Captain, thou abhominable damnd cheter, art thou not ashamed to be called Capitaine? and Capitaines were of my mind, they would trunchion you out, for taking their names vpon you, before you haue earnd them: you a capitaine? you slaue, for what? for tearing a poore whoores ruffe in a bawdy house: hee a capitaine hang him rogue, he liues vpon mowldy stewd